

April 6, 1945

Darling,

The news of the Jap cabinet resigning and the Russian stand on their neutrality pact is almost as good as the confused picture of the swirling, advancing, chaotic front here in Germany. There is excitement and confidence in the manner of all the soldiers. "Let's go; let's finish it up" they say. And that's what they're doing, as fast as possible.

Once again, in the fact of rapidly advancing and shifting fronts, medical care and evacuation has been sorely strained; we are lagging behind. Certain available mobile equipment and personnel is remaining static, which, to me, is a shame. I'm champing at the bit to get a chance to use some of it, but apparently I won't have the chance. Meanwhile, we sit relatively idle, and watch developments as spectators at a circus.

Our new hospital is an experienced unit dating back to Normandie days. They have a quiet dispatch about the way they go at things. The food is good, and they are pleasant company. Things could be worse; though you know me, Al: I get itchy feet whenever the action gets too far away.

My corporal Yewell has a flare for machines and motors. His motorbike is his most prized possession. He keeps mine in good working-shape, but being "on" days, I haven't had a chance to use it much. He's the sort of man who can build a jeep out of an old clothes washer.

One of the possibilities which no one thinks of very much, is the possibility of an early surrender by Japan. If she is really smart, of course, she will do this; take her reparations and subjection; and spend the next 30 years in quiet "colonizing"; "touring"; "consolidating"; and fomenting the rivalry between Russia and Western Europe. Then she would be ready for the really big attempt to conquer the Orient. It would seem the height of folly to fight Russia, England, and the United States, a determined war. Perhaps she won't - who knows?

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